

F R E E D O M,

A

P O E M.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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In T W O B O O K S:

The FIRST, Respecting MAN in the general as a
SOCIAL CREATURE.

The SECOND, Respecting MAN as a RATIONAL
CREATURE.

Addressed to the

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

W I L L I A M P I T, Esquire.

Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da panem, libertatemque, nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces; si quid datur ultra,
Accipiam gratus; si non, contentus abibo.

Frag. CowL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

M DCC LX.

F R E E D O M

1746.1.22



Nichols fund

IN TWO BOOKS:

The First, Regarding MAN in the general as a
SOCIAL CREATURE.

The Second, Regarding MAN as a RATIONAL
CREATURE.

Added to the

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT, Esquire.

Monsieur Pitt, que par ses lois et ses

lois, de la science, de la philosophie, des arts

et de la justice, il a fait de la France

le plus grand et le plus libre des peuples.

Très-Haut

L O N D O N

Printed for R. and J. DODD, in Pall Mall

M D C C L X

1746

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PIT, Esq;

One of his MAJESTY'S

PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

SIR,

I COU'D not have presumed to have
join'd your name to this little work,
but that I imagin'd the subject wou'd re-
commend it to your indulgence; beside, it
is impossible to be warm'd with a love of
FREEDOM, without being at the same
time inspired with a veneration for its great-
est patron and protector; and since, from
the liberty of our government, every indi-
vidual deems himself intitled to censure
openly those who have done ill offices to
our

DEDICATION.

our country, with how much better reason
may I claim a right to pour out my ad-
miration of its greatest benefactor.

I am,

SIR,

With great Respect,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

F R E E D O M,

A P O E M:

B O O K THE F I R S T,

**Respecting Man in the general as a SOCIAL
CREATURE.**

A R G U M E N T

Of the F I R S T B O O K.

ADDRESS to Mr. PIT. A short preface in praise of the subject. A parallel between the meanest BRITON and the most voluptuous Asiatick. An idea of FREEDOM, respecting Man as a Social Being. Of a state of nature. The rise of societies, and how far it became necessary for Man to make a voluntary abridgment of his natural FREEDOM. How the eastern monarchies rose and fell. Of the various changes both of Greece and Rome, and the causes that produced them. How the arts and sciences forsook the grandeur and opulence of the Persians and Ægyptians, to follow FREEDOM into regions of poverty. A panegyrick on the polite arts, particularly musick. The praises of BRITAIN, with a hint at its politicks respecting alliances on the continent. Its happy government opposed to despotick power, exemplify'd in an eastern tale.

(I)

BOOK THE FIRST,

T O

Mr. P I T.

O THOU, to whom ere while a nation call'd,
 Aggriev'd, to hold fate's gloomy curtain up,
 Wife to avert the sad-impending doom,
 That lour'd above us like some thunder cloud,
 And dreadful seem'd to meditate its fall : 5
 If aught can claim a thought in thy full breast,
 Save patriot cares for BRITAIN'S peace and fame,
 The muse demands it ! and the more to court
 With dulcet sounds thy too much harass'd ear,
 She sings of FREEDOM, nature's richest boon : 10
 A theme which oft thy manly zeal has grac'd
 With Cato's constancy, and Tully's tongue ;
 Whilst Albion's senators, tho' half that flame
 That warm'd of old her lib'ral sons was out,
 Rekindl'd at your voice, with honest pride 15
 B To

To feel those sparks, that all-corrupting wealth
 And luxury, her follower, had hid,
 Glow forth anew, and lift them to their fires.

'Tis Liberty that gilds the fairest day,
 And makes the brightest sun-shine give delight; 20
 That sends the winter's storm unheeded by,
 And all the natural ills of life sustains
 With serious confidence. Unblest with this,
 Beneath th' indulgence of the fairest skies,
 The languid Persian his inactive hours 25
 Joyless consumes; in vain the landskip fair
 Salutes his sickening eye, and spicy gales
 Their odours waft in vain. Not all the pomp
 That eastern monarchs to their fav'rite slaves
 Dispense munificent, one thought can give 30
 Of such unruff'd, manlike, generous joy,
 As what the humblest Briton daily feels;
 Who, blest with Freedom, peaceful sees his flocks
 Range unmolested on no servile ground,
 Nor fears the fruits his frugal hand has rais'd 35
 With honest Industry, should fall a prey
 To royal rapine. Tho' no orange grove
 Invite him to the richly gilded shade
 With breath ambrosial, 'mid those rich perfumes

In ufeless indolence to wafte the day, 40
 Where nature, carelefs of its dignity,
 May fink fupine in fenfual pleasures loft ;
 Yet joyful liberty his ev'ry care
 Can foften, and around the darkeft gloom
 Of northern skies diffufe a chearful ray. 45
 But come, my Mufe, let's follow from its fource
 This mazy current as it winds along
 Thro' human life, refreshing as it flows.
 'Tis not to live in freedom to enjoy
 A ftate from laws exempt : fome mild restraint 50
 Imperfect natures claim, which unimpos'd,
 Our paffions like the wild impetuous main,
 Feeling no barrier, rufh tempeftuous on,
 O'erflowing reason's undefended realm.

WHEN man in nature's uninform'd eftate, 55
 Beheld around a world of wants and fears,
 A while in prudent diffidence he roam'd,
 And pafs'd his joylefs folitary days
 Dreadful and dreading : he ne'er knew the joy
 Of giving and receiving mutual acts 60
 Of kind benevolence and love : but as
 His cares by time were multiply'd, he wifh'd
 That fome kind sympathizing friend was near,

With cordial counsel to divide his woes,
 And with officious acts of fond regard, 65
 Relieve those ills his lonely life endur'd.
 Thus need produc'd a gen'ral confidence,
 And something tender in the human breast,
 Some sacred impulse, some attractive pow'r
 Of social tendency, that nature's hand 70
 Diffus'd coercive over all his works,
 Soon taught him to behold with pleasure new,
 And mix with creatures fashion'd like himself.

Nor mankind long societies had known,
 E're other ills perplex'd their infant states, 75
 Oppression straight began to rear its head,
 And strength of body constituted lords.
 Man, erst unus'd his mod'rate thought to swell
 Beyond the meer necessities of life,
 Soon found superfluous wants, unfelt before. 80
 What then remain'd to stop the mightiest arm
 From ravaging his weaker neighbour's store?
 What then cou'd feeble innocence defend
 From the oppressor's hand? too often then
 The wretched widow, with her weeping train, 85
 Was turn'd unfoster'd out to hard distress,
 Beyond what single wretchedness cou'd know;

And

And blooming beauty, like the vernal rose
 Tempting unown'd amid the common paths,
 Had then no fence to guard her modest blush 90
 From the foul hand, and violating touch
 Of each lewd passenger. At length those ills
 That scatter'd common miseries o'er all,
 Became their common care : no cure remain'd
 But from amidst the mod'rate and the wise. 95
 One to distinguish, worthiest and best !
 Whose sober hand shou'd hold the reins of state,
 And rule them by the laws themselves should make.

Thus anarchy its baleful reign withdrew,
 And civil governments improv'd the world. 100
 Happy a while the little princes sway'd
 An easy sceptre o'er a willing land ;
 Not yet unmindful that their honour'd rank,
 Their pow'r supreme, and all the gaudy pomp
 That from their fellow creatures mark'd them out, 105
 Were lodg'd in trust, and confidence severe,
 To cherish and protect, not to enslave :
 'Till fell ambition, self-tormenting pride
 Taught the new monarchs to behold with pain,
 And jealous eye, a rival brother's sway. 110
 Then rage and envy first the god of war

Rouz'd

Rouz'd from his soft retreat, where lost in love
 Beneath the myrtle shade the Paphian queen
 His nature soften'd, and his rigour sooth'd
 With amorous blandishment, to grasp the spear, 115
 The banner wave, and bid remorseless war
 Scatter destruction o'er th' embattl'd field.
 Soon little states fell victims to his ire,
 And sunk to swell some more unbounded pow'r.
 'Twas thus the great Assyrian empire rose, 120
 When Ninus o'er the east his myriads pour'd,
 And to his sceptre bow'd the neighb'ring realms.
 Then first man's birth-right, freedom, which the care
 Of human wisdom to some certain bounds
 Prescrib'd, for intercourse secure, her wings 125
 Stretch'd out indignant, eager to desert
 Those servile regions, where the iron hand
 Of conquest triumph'd o'er her peaceful reign.
 Nor think, much injur'd man! the ravish'd prize
 Grac'd unreveng'd your royal spoiler's hand, 130
 Or sat an easy conquest at his heart.
 Full many a servile office did he feel,
 And sacrific'd his freedom to his pride.

THE

* THE gracious face of heaven, th' all-cheering sun,
 The sweet society of easy friends 135
 He seldom knew; unmanlike stratagem
 To borrow greatness from his novelty!
 Amidst a course of sensual pleasures sunk,
 His passion's pris'ner, he consum'd his days,
 Nor oft'ner visited the publick eye, 140
 Than wand'ring comets shed their glaring light.

OH! ne'er let blind deluded mortals dream
 That all the bright the gorgeous ornaments,
 And shining honours that emblazon kings,
 Can save their sacred persons from the chains 145
 Of galling servitude: some leading lust,
 Some master-passion triumphs o'er the will,
 And all the noble movements of the soul
 With lordly sway restrains: whether mild joys
 In soft inaction lull the sensual life, 150
 Or ruder passions urge their fierce controul.

AT length this mighty empire, that became
 By mad ambition's impulse wildy great,

Felt

* The Assyrian Princes, to impress a greater reverence for them in the people's minds, confin'd themselves, and seldom or never were seen.

Felt a * new prince of soul effeminate,
 To softly-pamper'd indolence supine 155
 Voluptuous slave. His viceroys straight grew kings;
 Nor longer to their feeble lord's command
 Obedience own'd. Then Babylonian towers
 Stupendous rear'd their summits to the sky,
 To dignify a monarch of their own; 160
 And distant Media's alienated plains
 Confess'd another king. Thus other states
 To others yielded, and those mighty piles
 That fell ambition with a giant hand
 Rear'd up, did wasting luxury o'erthrow. 165
 What then was undefended Freedom's lot?
 Ah! where cou'd she, with all her mourning train
 Of arts and free-born virtues, fix her throne?
 What new sequester'd region cou'd she find,
 Where conquest ne'er had wav'd her crimson wing, 170
 Nor luxury enervated mankind?

THE east with all its haughty pomp cou'd yield
 No place of friendly shelter for her head,
 But happy fortune to the western world
 Now turn'd her flight, to grace the setting sun, 175
 And Athens caught her, glorying in the prize.

There

* Sardanapalus.

There the fair shoots of science, lately nipt,
 By the chill blast of tyranny malign,
 Flourish'd apace, beneath the genial spring,
 And fostering warmth of mod'rate governments. 180
 The Muse, to sacred FREEDOM ever dear,
 Now proud to frolick far from servile plains,
 Plumes her yet drooping pinions, to explore
 Gay Fancy's painted fields ; and from each flow'r
 That blooms luxuriant in th' enlighten'd mind 185
 She steals some precious effence, some rich store
 Of sweet or healing quality, some charm
 Either to profit, or delight mankind,
 Nor unattended the poetic queen
 This favour'd clime adorn'd ; her sisters fair 190
 In sweet society united came,
 Leading each liberal art and science on :
 Then Musick, sweetly thrilling, breath'd her sounds,
 Of force divine to captivate the heart,
 To cast around her harmonizing charms, 195
 And soften, not debase the rigid soul.
 Whether the lover, warm'd with decent flames,
 Wou'd light some tender sympathetick spark
 In the coy nymph that triumphs o'er his heart ;
 Or big with conquest, if the plumed chief 200
 Shining in gold and glitt'ring arms, wou'd lead

To deeds of death his elevated bands,
 And raise an ardour in the coldest breast
 Of martial rage, and fury not its own,
 Some thirst for fame, that makes the face of war 205
 Smile ev'n in death, and glad the hero's heart —
 'Tis Musick lends her ever pow'rful aid
 To guide the various tendencies of man,
 And turn to noble views th' enraptur'd soul.

YET still far greater purposes may claim 210
 The sweet concordance of harmonious sounds.
 When the full heart, all gratitude and joy,
 Wou'd pour to GOD supreme an off'ring meet
 Of holy praise and prayer, in sounds sublime,
 And goodly hymns that suit th' occasion great; 215
 Then let each trembling string, and tuneful pipe
 That breathes sweet notes; the awful organ's voice,
 The trumpet heard a-far, the softer harp
 That rings in pleasing-melancholy airs,
 And each sweet instrument that musick knows, 220
 In grand accordance ev'ry power unite:
 Best heard along the antiquated dome
 For sacred use apart, where the long isles
 Of gothick grandeur and majestick gloom,
 Are fitly form'd to elevate the soul, 225
 And

And heighten and improve religious thought.
 Thus grateful this fair gift of nature turns
 It's ev'ry pow'r to sing of nature's LORD.

YET some, tho' few, are found of soul severe,
 Who blame, or hear unmov'd th' enchanting strains 230
 Of harmony divine. But, gracious heaven!
 If aught I've said or done can claim reward,
 Far distant from their paths avert my steps,
 And let my humble lot in other lands
 More happy fall: for much I fear, the cries, 235
 And soft persuasion of affliction's tongue
 Access can hardly find to that rude heart,
 Made of such coarse, impenetrable mould
 As musick cannot pierce. * Two nations once
 Inhabited Arcadia's happy soil; 240
 They felt an equal warmth of summer's sun,
 And equal colds endur'd, but yet were mark'd
 Unlike in manners as the distant poles.
 The one, refin'd, compassionate, and good,
 Where musick's heavenly raptures found regard; 245
 The other, furious as the raging flood,
 Of savage minds, to social ties estrang'd,
 Where humanizing melody ne'er tun'd,

C 2

Or

* Two people of Arcadia that Polybius mentions.

Or tun'd unheeded her angelic voice.

* The great Athenian sage, by merit deem'd 250

Of uninspired mortals wisest, best,

What tho' his sun of life the rip'ning warmth

Of its meridian heat long since had lost,

And the cool evening of his day was come,

Yet thought it not a task beneath his care, 255

Nor aught disgraceful of high wisdom's throne,

To learn, with skilful touch, to tune the lyre,

And soften manly sense with tender sounds.

Nor cou'd the many virtues that adorn'd

In fair array the great † Themistocles, 260

This one defect excuse, *That his rude hand,*

Now red from mighty Xerxes' slaughter'd host,

Was yet untaught to strike the tuneful string :

But to the noble qualities which grac'd

‡ The god-like builder of the Theban name, 265

This one was join'd, *that as in dreadful war*

He shone sublime, he shone in musick too.

So happy BRITAIN, so had been your boast,

Cou'd aught or great or good have mov'd the fates,

Your

* Socrates, Quintilian says, when he was pretty old, was not ashamed to learn to play upon musical instruments.

† Cicero (in Tusc. Quest.) tells us, that Themistocles with all his virtues was esteem'd deficient, because he cou'd not touch the lyre at a feast, as others of the company did.

‡ In Epaminondæ Virtutibus commemoratum est scienter eum tibiis cantasse. Cor. Hefs.

§ Your late much honour'd Prince to spare benign, 270
 Whose soul accorded to each tuneful strain
 That harmony cou'd breathe into an heart,
 Where ev'ry tender feeling found its way —
 But soft, my Muse—nor bathe once more those eyes
 With sacred drops, o'er all your weeping isle 275
 Already too much shed: nor has kind heaven
 To heal your wounds the sole relief deny'd —
 The full-blown virtues that adorn'd the fire,
 Now send their green, but vig'rous shoots abroad
 To beautify the son, and glad the land 280
 With the rich prospect of the promis'd bloom.

Too long has Musick from my destin'd course
 Led me, perhaps too partial in its praise,
 Whilst other arts rise emulous to view
 Soliciting the Muse. Beneath the ray 285
 Propitious over Greece by FREEDOM shed,
 The temper'd clay confess'd the forming touch
 Of hand promethean, and the human frame
 Was taught to breathe in animated stone.
 Th' ingenious artist work'd the moulded mass 290
 To such variety of curious forms,
 That ev'ry passion of the human breast,

Or

§ The late Prince of Wales was a great lover of musick, and well skill'd
 in it.

Or love, or fear, or hatred, or despair,
 With each expressive glance that marks them out,
 In these new beings seem'd to hold a feat; 295
 And once the lovesick statuary pin'd,
 Enamour'd of the nymph himself had made.
 The canvas then display'd its varied breast,
 And held a new creation to the view.
 There colour to proportion join'd its grace, 300
 Shedding new life and beauty; matchless skill!
 While puzzled nature hesitates amazed,
 Mistaking oft art's paintings for her own;
 And oft with secret pride the painter saw
 The feather'd warblers peck the fruits he drew. 305
 Then first the fashion'd dome began to rise,
 And Grecian orders taught the future world
 Proportion's various rules, unknown before:
 And all-sustaining commerce spread her wings,
 Gave social aid, enrich'd, and bless'd mankind. 310
 Thus ev'ry art, uncheck'd by want and wars,
 Attended FREEDOM to th' Athenian shore,
 Careless of all the opulence and ease
 That e'er the Persian or Ægyptian knew.
 A while she flourish'd in that favour'd clime, 315
 And Thebes, and warlike Lacedemon rose;
 With manners; and with fashions less refin'd,

But

But not with souls less manlike, or less pure.
 Happy had Luxury ne'er watch'd her steps,
 Malign, to blast the bounties of her hand ! 320
 Happy had ne'er that froward will to rule
 (Perhaps inherent in the human breast)
 Soon taught those little states intestine broils !
 Whilst each bold warrior, with the chosen bands
 For public guard design'd, by force assumes 325
 The reins of giddy government, usurp'd,
 His fellow-citizens by rebel force
 Enslav'd. Such was at length the fate of Greece,
 Beneath the Macedonian sword depress'd.
 Straight FREEDOM fled the alienated land 330
 Affrighted, and more western still pursu'd
 Her way, 'till tir'd with many a wand'ring step,
 The Latian shore the fugitive receiv'd,
 Where Virtue caught her in her longing arms,
 And Patriot Ardour bless'd her new abode. 335
 'Twas then the Roman name began to shine
 With splendor, to the earth's far distant bounds
 For freedom, fortitude, and liberal arts
 Extoll'd. But soon Ambition's baleful blast,
 That erst the Grecian cities to the yoke 340
 Of slavery subdu'd, with equal rage
 Defac'd the glories antient Rome had won.

Usurpers arm'd the legions to the field ;
 Then Brutus bled, and FREEDOM was no more.

'Twas on BRITANNIA's rough but virtuous coast, 345
 That LIBERTY her last kind refuge found ;
 Where Tyranny ne'er shew'd (or shew'd chastiz'd)
 Her horrid mein to fright her free-born sons ;
 Where the prerogative her monarchs claim,
 Is mildly to exert the regal pow'r, 350
 Like the kind warmth, and genial dews of heaven,
 That friendly fall to chear, and bless the land.
 Oh ! ne'er let distant conquest tempt your bands
 Imprudent, to a foreign clime, your weal
 Neglecting ; save where India's spicy shore 355
 Demands a rescue from the gallic pride ;
 Where rude, and savage mortals claim your care,
 With civil commerce to reform their minds,
 Yielding the recompence of honest wealth.
 Enough of warlike glory have you known, 360
 When British lyons rag'd on Poitier's plain,
 When Cressy stood amaz'd at Edward's deeds,
 And Agincourt swell'd loud the voice of Fame.
 Yet still shou'd any bord'ring monarch, fir'd
 With thirst ambitious to subdue his peers,
 Gigantick grasp at empire not his own,

By

By the mad hopes of universal sway
 Impell'd, then ne'er let BRITAIN's thunder sleep,
 But for the common cause loud raise its voice
 Avenging, and around the tyrant's ears 370
 Ring horrible, and shake despotick sway.

So when the great ELIZA rul'd the land,
 The haughty Spaniard threaten'd from afar,
 Deck'd with religion's captivating mask,
 To shake subjection's hateful chains abroad, 375
 And bring to bondage all the realms around.

Then soon like Phæbus he had shot his pow'r
 Single, unrival'd monarch over all,
 And puny states had fall'n to raise the glare
 Of his false blaze (* as lesser lights are sunk, 380
 And lose themselves, to swell the greater flame
 That universal shines o'er nature's works)

Had not BRITANNIA lent her pow'rful aid
 To rescue from his hands † the first weak prey,
 And with a gen'rous dignity of soul, 385

‡ Refus'd for subjects whom her arms had sav'd.
 Thrice happy then Batavia's sons enjoy'd

That

* It was the opinion of the astronomers, that the fire of the sun was supply'd by comets that used to fall into it at certain times.

† The Netherlands.

‡ Queen Eliz. refus'd the Netherlanders to be their queen.

That chearing ray of Liberty divine
 A while o'er-clouded by the Spanish gloom :
 Happy for them Oppression left their shore— 390
 § Happy for us, had Sidney's life been spar'd !

HAIL BRITAIN ! hail ! my soul with patriot joy
 Exulting, leaves those servile, gloomy scenes,
 Whither the Muse my weary'd thoughts had led,
 Thro' eastern climes, where FREEDOM's peaceful steps 395
 Long since have lost their unrepeat'd marks ;
 Where all the paint, the plumage, and array
 Of richest hue, that nature had in store
 To lavish frolick on her fav'rite works,
 Perpetual summer-suns, and spicy gales, 400
 The fragrant umbrage of the citron grove,
 With all that sensual appetite cou'd taste,
 Ne'er gave that true serenity of soul,
 That placid smile, that speaks an heart at ease,
 Which FREEDOM, void of all that gay attire, 405
 In fields less trim, and under ruder skies,
 Diffuses liberal wherefoe'er she treads.
 And, BRITONS ! let not all the poison'd pomp
 That fell Ambition to your cheated view
 Delusive holds, the bait of av'rice vile, 410
 To

§ The admirable Sir Philip Sidney was kill'd in that war..

To FREEDOM deadly, or the flow'ry wreath
 That tempting luxury has wanton wov'n,
 (Too oft the sad concomitant of wealth)
 Your footsteps from the sacred paths seduce
 Of manlike virtue, suiting free-born souls, 415
 Such as of old your worthy fires pursu'd,
 When for the sake of FREEDOM Ruffel fell.
 O ne'er forget how high that heavenly prize
 Avails BRITANNIA's glory, and disdain
 To sink debas'd, and servilely suppress 420
 That honest effort that shou'd be its friend.
 Think, while you cherish that enliv'ning flame
 Of souls sublime, that noblest energy
 Which thro' each arduous path that war-fare knows
 Oft' like some voice celestial led you on, 425
 For FREEDOM ever lavish of your lives,
 How Gallia's sons, already half subdu'd
 By the hard chains despotick pow'r has forg'd,
 Must fall unequal in the purple field:
 While, for that noble consciousness of soul 430
 Which lights up valour in the Briton's breast,
 (To slaves unknown) your soften'd neighbours feel
 No spring to raise their giddy hearts to arms,
 Save the magnificence, and pomp of War,
 That military mode, that props the state, 435

Some gaudy pageant, in the field achiev'd,
 The monarch's favour, or a wanton's smile.
 Let toys like these be all their little boast
 Whose souls the chains of slav'ry circumscribe
 Disgraceful, while BRITANNIA's gallant sons, 440
 Shall glow with patriot pride to guard their isle
 (To them how justly dear) from each assault
 That fell Ambition meditates against it.
 O labour emulous! who best shall serve
 With cordial loyalty the Best of Kings, 445
 Whose easy sway diffuses o'er the realm
 Content, and harmony. The councils sage
 That aid his royal policies, sustain
 With reverence due; respect his Nobles claim:
 And most unmeet it is that each light tongue, 450
 Howe'er unweeting, of the changeful crowd
 Shou'd blast the honours that his bounty rais'd.
 Let not those noble pillars of the state
 Neglected fall in ruin to the ground,
 Nor yet too high their lofty heads aspire. 455
 Be Military Virtue next your care;
 Nor let the shatter'd Soldier shew his wounds
 Unhonour'd, unrewarded, to a land
 Regardless for whose safety they were earn'd,
 Oh! there be Faction's voice for ever sunk,— 460
 Emblazon

Emblazon worth with honour's gilded beam,
 Nor let the faithful Veteran pine obscure,
 Wasting the gloomy evening of his day
 Beneath th' inactive shade : if such there be !
 Now BRITAIN claims him—Gallia now aspires— 465
 And honest valour shou'd not want a sword.
 But chief preserve the tenor of your Laws,
 Those wheels that duly turn the great machine,
 Pure as unspotted truth from the foul touch
 Of base corruption's hand. Think of the cause 470
 That from her splendor sunk imperial Rome,
 And how the great Athenian city fell :
 'Twas Luxury first breath'd its poison'd blast,
 The conquer'd mind with vile corruption's taint
 Debasing, with oppression, rapin, pride. 475
 O ! never let those hostile strangers come
 To sow destruction in your happy land,
 Where all the Virtues their asylum choose.
 Tho' much aggriev'd the blushing Muse must own,
 Too long has Faction's voice thy state perplex'd, 480
 And Britons known more than *one common cause*.
 Yet still ! the orient sun that visits all,
 Ne'er shed his golden treasures on a spot
 Of earth's wide orb, for tranquil life so form'd,
 For social worth, and springs of lawful bliss 485

So high renown'd, as your thrice happy isle.
 Beneath th' impartial sanction of your laws,
 The meanest as the greatest finds redress
 Attainable, nor fears the ravisher
 With brutal love shall from his longing arms 490
 A tender partner tear, nor spoiler come
 To blast the produce of his honest toil,
 And rob his little family of bread.
 No haughty chief, by fortune not by worth
 High dignify'd, can trample o'er his will, 495
 Or make him bend the servile neck, and fawn
 On one who is himself no more than man.

O you! who feel the blessings FREEDOM gives,
 The solid confidence of legal rights,
 To eastern climes unknown, attend a while! 500
 With pity, to a tale of tend'rest woe,
 And bless the gods that made BRITANNIA yours.

WHERE * Bagdat spreads her flow'ry plains around,
 With verdure grac'd, and everlasting bloom,
 By the cool wave the mazy Tigris yields, 505
 (Where, as if pleas'd with those delicious scenes,

She

* The first hint of this tale was taken from a beautiful paper in the Adventurer.

She makes her wanton windings thro' the meads)
 The fair Amana turn'd her sober steps,
 Intent, with industry's laborious hand,
 To draw the glassy beverage of the stream. 510
 A beechen vase her slender arm sustain'd;
 Full rude array for so much gentleness!
 But lo! an humble shepherd of those plains
 Call'd her his daughter; in which lowly sphere
 Unprais'd, unnotic'd, she had pass'd her days, 515
 The object only of some peasant's love,
 The rustick theme of some unletter'd muse,
 Had not a chance surpriz'd her in the shade,
 And robb'd her of that mean but safe retreat.
 Thus in the flint's obscure concealment hid, 520
 Unnumber'd days the spark æthereal slept,
 Nor profiting, nor pleasing human kind,
 At length some wand'ring footsteps in the night,
 Some happy chance the latent ray disclos'd.
 With labour'd pace along those lonely plains 525
 A caravan pursu'd its weary'd way,
 And joy'd to 'scape the sun-parch'd desert's heat,
 Now stopt to cool the camels in the stream.
 A soft confusion with its roseate hue
 Still ev'ry charm enhans'd, that us'd to deck 530
 (E're then full lovely fair!) Amana's face.

Unveil'd!

Unveil'd and obvious to the common eye,
 Abash'd t'encounter ev'ry wanton glance
 Of traveller unknown. But soon as e'er
 Official modesty regain'd her pow'rs, 535
 The winding veil around her beauties flew :
 Like summer clouds, too thin to screen the sun ;
 For lo! a ray the subtile shade escap'd
 Refulgent, such as mortal eye unmov'd
 Ne'er saw; and straight a follower of the train, 540
 That own'd the young Abdallah for his Lord,
 By rude curiosity, or lust impell'd
 To deed unseemly, with immodest touch
 Withdrew the decent cov'ring from her face,
 Which the chaste hand of coy reserve put on. 545
 Then soon that coward diffidence that awes
 The female pow'rs, and gentleness of soul
 Her own peculiarly, their place resign'd
 To indignation meet, and full of rage
 That injur'd virtue feels, she smote the slave. 550
 Some paces off, with sudden impulse thrill'd,
 Abdallah stood, nor yet his trembling frame
 Cou'd call one human faculty to use,
 In love, in wonder, and resentment lost.
 A beauty in herself so heavenly fair, 555
 By such a circumstance of soft distress
 Improv'd,

Improv'd, her face with all the freshness deck'd
 Of vernal morn, with pearly drops bedew'd,
 That female softness spread upon her cheek,
 Who cou'd regardless view? thus ev'ry grace
 That to officious courtesy subdues 560
 The heart of man, join'd to another pow'r
 More forceful still, that only beauty's charm
 To conscious sensibility of soul
 Imparts, soon rais'd the manhood of the youth
 To shield the fair, and strike the ruffian down, 565
 Who durst defenceless innocence assail.
 Then soon the lovely disconcerted fair,
 With all the haste her time and fears allow'd,
 Threw o'er her ruffl'd charms a tender smile.
 Of sweet complacency, and artless grace, 570
 That thank'd the guardian youth, and from each eye
 Some gentler glances flew, of softer sort
 Than ev'n the pow'rs of gratitude cou'd shew.
 Straight with th' impatience that a lover feels,
 ABDALLAH hasted to th' obscure retreat, 575
 Where hid beneath a solitary shade
 Her humble parents lay. With love unfeign'd
 He claim'd her for his wife, nor claim'd in vain.
 With grateful joy the aged pair beheld
 A scene luxuriant open to their view, 580

Fraught with whate'er cou'd blest declining years,
 And throw a lustre on their setting sun.
 For of the crowds that pass'd the eastern plains
 Laden with costly merchandize and gold,
 He own'd the richest name, and still his worth 585
 Made all his fortunes but the second prize.
 Far to th' Ægyptian plains he led away
 His pledge of future happiness compleat.
 The sole concern he knew was, that her mind
 Sunk in this low sequester'd vale of life, 590
 Was unenrich'd with learning's golden store;
 Yet still her docile soul, when from his tongue
 Persuasive knowledge flow'd, with joy retain'd
 Instruction's lore. And soon had Hymen join'd
 In wedlock's sacred ties their willing hands, 595
 But that a pious care a father claim'd,
 Whose aged eyes the chilling hand of Death
 Had lately clos'd, demanded some due time
 For seemly mourning, sorrow's sable garb,
 Befitting decency, and filial love. 600
 And now the wish'd-for day was near at hand,
 When virtue, love, propriety combin'd
 To blest the chaste completion of their joys.
 But O my Muse! bid ev'ry solemn note
 That sounds accordant to sad tales of woe, 605

Each

Each plaintive pow'r unite, and pensive say
What sorrows mark'd the horrid interval.

'Twas then great Ægypt's far-extended bounds
The haughty OSMIN's lewd licentious sway
Confess'd, and all his servile subjects knew 610

Was but to tremble and obey: for lo!
The whirlwinds dread, that scour the desert-wild,
Were not so fatal, nor so fierce as he.

To feed his harrafs'd passion's sickly calls
Was all his care, and oft he wanton try'd 615

The various charms that various beauties yield,
Cloy'd, yet unsatisfy'd with sensual feast.

At length (full often having sip'd unpleas'd
The languid cup promiscuous pleasures yield)
Some beauty of peculiar make he claim'd, 620

Before unseen, to rouse his jaded love.

Straight proclamation told the sov'reign's will —

“ That he who brought the fairest to his arms,

“ Shou'd hold his place in honour's gaudy roll,

“ Second alone to him that rul'd the land.” 625

Mean time the slave ABDALLAH's arm chastiz'd,

Within whose breast malign the horrid thirst

For vengeance only slept, with loyal mein,

And words with soft, but dire persuasion fraught,

His frame obeyant bending to the earth, 630
 Address'd th' imperial Sov'reign of the Nile.

" WHILE mighty OSMIN fights for beauty's charms,
 " Unsatisfy'd with Heaven's best bounty, love,
 " Curst be the slave, however highly rank'd
 " By wealth, or grac'd by fortune's gilded beam, 635
 " Who durst detain with a rebellious hand,
 " Th' enchanting treasure from his royal arms.
 " Deep in the vale yon azure mountain shades
 " ABDALLAH lives, whose stars indulgent gave
 " AMANA fair to grace his humble bed. 640
 " So bright a nymph the eastern world ne'er saw,
 " One only worthy of great OSMIN's love."

No more he need to say :—straight armed bands
 Under his conduct base surpriz'd the pair,
 On the same day that was to crown their joys, 645
 When setting Phœbus shou'd have seen them one.

WHAT Pen can paint, what Muse can tell the grief
 That pierc'd their tender souls? vain was all force —
 The royal mandate autoriz'd the deed.
 All trembling pale they led the wretched maid 650
 A weeping victim to despotic sway.

The

The tyrant gaz'd, in rapture lost, while thus
 The suppliant maid, " O thou to whom
 " In homage meet the eastern world bows down,
 " Whose smile sheds happiness, and frown despair, 655
 " Around great Egypt's wide extended realm, —
 " Whose love the noblest daughters of the east
 " Wou'd count the richest sublunary prize
 " That fav'ring Heaven cou'd send to bless their days,
 " Disdain to soil the splendor of thy race, 660
 " The glorious blaze that gilds the name of king,
 " With one so mean, so lowly as AMANA.
 " And whatsoe'er these trifling charms can boast,
 " Which busy tongues have made their sov'reign's care,
 " A swain of humble fortune calls his own. 665
 " O ne'er attempt to snatch a guilty joy,
 " Where soft consent the alien'd hearts deny.

As when the night her sable mantle spreads,
 And saddens nature's scenes, in seemly state
 With silver lustre crown'd, the sober moon 670
 Her sphere ascends, and from the gloom around
 Her beauty brightens, and her glow improves;
 So from the dark and dismal shades of grief
 A double splendor deck'd the lovely maid,

And heighten'd ev'ry grace. — Ill fated Charms 675
That pleaded innocent against her cause!

No more the longing Prince wou'd hear, but straight
With soul on-fire, untutor'd by controul,
Claim'd speedy acquiescence to his will,
Or the next day her weeping eyes shou'd see 680

Her promis'd bridegroom bleed. A while she stood
In wild amaze and terror as he spoke;
Nor yet her wounded soul assum'd the pow'r
To tell its grief: a flood of tears alone
Declar'd her indignation, and despair, 685

Not such as fashionable sorrow sheds
When idle disappointments cross the will,
But mild determin'd drops of silent woe,
Which only know to fall from noble minds
Greatly oppress'd: and soon as words were her's, 690
She call'd on all th' imperial host of Heaven

To hear and witness to her vows. “ ’Twas true!
“ Most true, she lov'd ABDALLAH more than life,
“ But well she knew, that all the deadly darts
“ Which irritated sov'reign pow'r can throw, 695
“ Had not one wound in all their dreadful store
“ To sting his soul so deep, as her disgrace.

“ Go,

" Go, mighty man ! she said, amidst your train
 " Of wanton slaves solicit joys impure —
 " The bounteous Gods that gave AMANA life 700
 " And one she loves, shall see her chearful give,
 " When fate decrees, both darling boons together."
 But now at length the fatal day was come
 When tyrant-vengeance claim'd ABDALLAH's life,
 And care malicious plac'd the weeping maid 705
 In cruel prospect of the horrid scene ;
 Where death's dread ministers in black array
 Prepar'd to execute their Sov'reign's will.
 ABDALLAH, pleas'd at death, yet held it vile
 To fall by hands so base, and as the blow 710
 Was friendly rais'd to rid him of his life
 And the oppression of despotick sway,
 He plung'd a poignard in his throbbing breast
 ('Twas all the Freedom he had left) and died.
 Nor long his fate the wretched maid surviv'd ; 715
 By deadly poison soon AMANA fell,
 And pure as spotless innocence her soul
 Flew joy'd to meet ABDALLAH in the shades.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

"Go, my love, and I the kind, amidst your train

"Of wanton slaves, solicit joys impure —

"The bounteous Gods that gave AMANA life

"And o'er the loves, shall for her cheerful give

"A new face, leaving both dancing boys together.

But now at length the fatal day was come

When tyrannous vengeance claim'd AMANA's life

And ere we reach'd the weeping maid

In cruel prospect of the banish'd form

Where death's dread ministers in black array

Prepar'd to receive their victim's wail

Apparitions, plac'd at death, yet held it out

To fill his hands to part, and as the blow

Was friendly rais'd to rid him of his life

And the expiring of desolating way

The plung'd a poignant in his throbbing breast

("Twas all the freedom he had left) and died

Not long his late the wretched maid arriv'd

By deadly poison from AMANA left

And pure as spotless innocence her soul

Flew forth to meet AMANA in the shades

And thus the wretched pair were join'd

The End of the FIRST BOOK

F R E E D O M

A P O E M,

B O O K THE S E C O N D.

Respecting Man as a Rational Creature.

Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens, sibi que imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Respondere cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus;
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.

HOR.

A R G U M E N T

Of the S E C O N D B O O K.

OF the native Freedom of the Mind. How far subdued by the tyranny of the Passions. Of the use and abuse of the Passions. How the same Passions produce good and evil actions, as they are, or are not conducted with moderation. Of the servitude of the Mind under Anger, Ambition, Avarice, Fear, Envy, Revenge, exemplified in various instances. Of the evil influence of irregular, unrestrained Love, illustrated by many Facts, particularly by the story of DUNWOLFUS and ETHILDA. A picture of Virtuous Love. A recapitulation of the several heads of this book. An idea of a person Truly Free.—The whole closed with the character of a Truly Great Person.

BOOK THE SECOND,

T O

Mr. P I T.

YET lend a while, O PIT ! your patient ear
 Attentive, patronize th' advent'rous Muse
 That prunes solicitous her trembling wing,
 To dignify a subject all your own.
 A theme of serious import swells her lay, 5
 A theme unsung in patriot eloquence,
 That only from a throne subjection fears,
 Regardless of the more disgracing chains
 By soul-subduing passions hurl'd severe
 Around the vassal regions of the mind : 10
 Where all the native Liberty of Man
 To each imperious call of ruling lusts
 Obeysant yields. In vain the soft'ring rays
 Of mod'rate government around us shine,
 In vain imperial Rome the gentle sway 15

F 2

Of

Of NUMA's pious hand confess'd ; in vain
 AGESILAUS o'er Spartan liberty
 Great guardian stood, and BRUNSWICK fills
 BRITANNIA's throne in vain, whilst passions fierce
 As raging seas untam'd, the conquer'd soul 20
 In fetters vile with stern dominion hold.

THUS the fair FREEDOM of the human mind,
 Like some rich bark forlorn, o'er swelling seas
 By boisterous winds in conflict dire assail'd,
 Defenceless yields to ev'ry wayward blast 25
 That blows unfriendly to th' tempting shores
 Of vice, or vanity. No kindly hand
 Of reason plies the prudent pilot's skill,
 No rudder points the proper road ; the waves
 Roll unresisted, and the storms prevail. 30

YET think not, Man! those active tendencies
 Which oft, too oft th' incautious mind involve
 In ruin dread, were plac'd for evil ends,
 Or idly animate the human breast.
 But for the passions ever watchful calls, 35
 The torpid soul in dull inaction lost,
 Wou'd sink in useless apathy supine,
 Nor pain nor pleasure knowing, in a state

With

With just enough of feeling to be wretched.
 Their influence gay, like fresh auspicious gales 40
 O'er the rough seas of life with chearful course
 Impell, still pointing to our hopes some port
 Each toil to recompence. So good and ill
 Alike from one great common spring arise
 Alternate, as the ever prudent hand 45
 Of Moderation holds the guardian reins,
 Or more neglects her charge. Thus the same wind
 That fann'd ULYSSES to the flow'ry plains
 Of everlasting verdure, and the joys
 That smile eternal o'er CALYPSO's isle, 50
 Further his fatal course unfriendly urg'd
 To CIRCE's poison'd shore : so pow'rful Love,
 That gen'rous passion that engag'd the heart
 Of a victorious prince, and warm'd his soul
 To cherish a fair nymph whom sorrow grac'd, 55
 That made him raise with condescension mild
 The royal mourner, from her low despair
 To all that ALEXANDER's self cou'd give
 To dignify his choice ; 'twas that same flame
 That of his blooming bride a * monarch spoil'd, 60
 That after ten long years of wasting war,
 Consum'd imperial Troy, and all her sons,

Old

* Menelaus.

Old PRIAM, HECTOR, and those mighty names
The boast of fame, in venerable dust.

'Tis thus the passions triumph o'er the mind, 65
When disobedient to the calm controul
Of reason, they assume unbounded sway;
The mind compelling, all her FREEDOM tost,
To deeds of guilt inglorious. Let us search
Th' exalted records of the honour'd dead, 70
Whom loud acclaims have equall'd with the Gods,
And mark the tyrant passions that suppress
Each gen'rous feeling of the noblest hearts.
See Macedonia's prince, that shone sublime
O'er all the globe, in dignity of soul 75
Unmatch'd, and martial glory; that beheld
With tender tear a vanquish'd hero bleed,
And cherish'd the remains of Persia's king,
By his own arm subdu'd; how was he fall'n
From all that virtue deems or great, or good, 80
* When vanquish'd slaves th' alternate turn to rule
Assum'd, and triumph'd o'er the victor's mind
With eastern manners, sensual and deprav'd.
'Twas then an harlot's influence malign

Consum'd

* Pacis mala: sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem.

Juv.

Consum'd * the fairest city of the east, 85
 'Twas then impatient arrogance of soul
 Unsheath'd the guilty steel to stab a friend.
 Behold the † valiant chief, that sole surviv'd
 Of the three honour'd pair, whom publick choice
 Appointed to decide their nation's fate, 90
 How did he stain his glory, greatly won,
 When rage and indignation rais'd his hand
 'To lay a blooming sister at his feet
 All bath'd in blood! for, lo! the widow'd maid
 Bewail'd with decent tears a lover slain. 95
 Ah! how severe an office had it prov'd
 If tyrant malice mark'd a brother out
 For such a deed! what tender piercing pangs
 Had offer'd all their pleading eloquence,
 To wave the dreadful stroke! But anger dread 100
 Felt no remorse, and pointed out the blow.
 See other minds, by nature's lib'ral boon
 With richest Bounty's fairest gifts endow'd,
 Beneath the fierce tyrannic sway disgrac'd
 Of wild ambition. Mark with honest rage 105
 The servitude of soul th' ‡ Athenian own'd,

Who

* Persepolis.

† See the story of the Horatii and Curiatii in Livy.

‡ The tyrant Pisistratus mangled his body all over, that the Athenians might allow him a guard for his person, which as soon as he obtain'd, he apply'd it to enslave his country.

Who to his pride obsequious, rais'd an hand
 His tortur'd frame self-guilty to pollute
 With scars unseemly ; artifice most vile !
 From kind compassion to solicit bands, 110
 His person's guard ! but soon rebellious force
 With flav'ry recompenc'd their gen'rous care.
 Behold victorious † CÆSAR whom the hand
 Of fav'ring heaven with ev'ry grace adorn'd
 To wooe and win mankind, whose native hue 115
 Manlike and gen'rous-all, had no foul stain
 Of cruel dye ; when once ambition's call
 To pow'r awoke the transport of his soul,
 'Twas then a desolated country mourn'd
 Her FREEDOM lost, 'twas then Pharfalia's plains 120
 Blush'd with the noblest of the Roman blood ;
 Then o'er the various regions of the world
 Oppression reign'd, by pomp victorious grac'd ;
 Then oft, too oft the the blooming virgin mourn'd
 Some promis'd hero, whom his country's cause 125
 Call'd far away ere yet the nuptial rites,
 And tend'rest joys were his ; then hoary fires
 And pious matrons drop'd sad tears of grief,
 For all their age's ornament and joy
 Untimely fall'n, ambition's prey. Such ills 130
 That

That tyrant passion urg'd, and thus its rage
 The great subdu'd, and fill'd the world with woe.
 So, if the Muse in narrow spheres may move,
 And sink from gen'ral sorrows to our own,
 A while BRITANNIA hung her drooping head 135
 Unhonour'd o'er the deep, when a base lust
 For lawless pow'r her statesmens abject views
 Beneath its sway depress'd ; 'twas then her fleets
 Inactive mov'd o'er the too peaceful main,
 Unfear'd or scorn'd ; no longer then the dread 140
 And scourge of GALLIA's sons, for lo! their course
 Some fav'rite leader's cautious rule obey'd,
 Whom feeble from the soft'ning hand of wealth,
 Sad policy misplac'd ; whilst veterans bold
 Unknown lay wasted in the shade obscure, 145
 Idly lamenting Albion's glory lost.
 Such were the ills disgrac'd her gallant name,
 Ere yet th' indulgent care of pitying heaven
 Had mark'd out one to guard BRITANNIA's weal,
 In worth and wisdom matchless ; that sustain'd 150
 By means most pure his country's sinking fame,
 That sent the winged thunder thro' the skies
 To shake the hostile shore, too long secure.
 But soft, my Muse !—nor let a zealous love 155
 For patriot purity your flight allure,

Excentrick from the destin'd path, less fair,
 Where passions fierce their stern dominion hold :
 And say what Freedom cheers the fordid wretch,
 That, prostrate to the meanest idol, gold, 160
 Obeisant yields his ev'ry anxious care,
 His ev'ry thought submissive to its sway
 Rewardless, draws th' unseemly yoke along,
 Self-tyrant, unrelenting, unadorn'd
 With trophies, waving plumes, or toffels gay, 165
 Or aught that outward decorates and gilds
 Ambition's triumph ; he unpity'd wastes
 A life of indigence, alone intent
 By arts unworthy to imprison heaps,
 Unus'd, from mortal ken far off remov'd. 170
 Him nor the piercing cries of widow'd care,
 Nor all the helpless poverty forlorn
 The stranger owns, whom Fortune's adverse blast
 Has ship-wreck'd on a new unfriendly land,
 Nor orphan wretchedness, nor lonely want, 175
 Nor sorrow grac'd with silent modesty
 Can move. Nor are the calls himself sustains,
 As nature's child, obey'd. 'Midst plenty poor ;
 Joyless as eunuch watching her he loves ;
 Or like the dragon o'er his golden fruit 180
 Far from his taste by magick dire with-held.

Thus flav'ry most severe compiles those heaps
 Which future times shall see, nor see unpleas'd,
 By wanton hand of vanity profuse,
 Scatter'd around the land, nor deign to pay 185
 The slave that left them, or with thanks, or love.
 What will not Av'rice? see the ‡ Cyprian King,
 With ev'ry wish indulg'd, with pow'r supreme,
 With peace, with climes of quality benign,
 In ever-blooming regions, where the face 190
 Of Nature wears a never ceasing smile,
 Where, if the world were his, he might have chos'n
 His fairest scene of residence and joy;
 Ere yet his stream of wealth too full had swell'd,
 And drawn around his jealous neighbours eyes. 195
 'Twas then the Roman gallies plan'd their way
 To rob him of his sceptre, and his gold,
 Too pow'rful grown; then yielding to th' advice
 Of counsel friendly, thrice his trembling hand
 Essay'd to plunge his treasures in the deep, 200
 Bright spring of all his dangers, all his fears:
 But thrice his vassal-soul, too low depress'd
 Beneath the rule of av'rice, turn'd again

G 2

Back

‡ Ptolemaus Cypriorum Rex cum anxiiis fordibus magnas opes corri-
 puisset, propterque eas periturum se videret, et ideo omni pecunia imposita
 navibus in altum processisset, ut classe perforata suo arbitrio periret, &
 hostes præda carerent, non sustinuit mergere aurum & argentum, sed fu-
 turam suæ nicis præmium domum revexit.—Val. Max.

Back to his royal home the shining bane,
 Once more survey'd th' glitt'ring counters o'er, 205
 Once more enjoy'd the darling dross, and died.
 Too many tales of woe the weeping Muse
 Cou'd tell, which from that passion vile arose ;
 But grief and shame from the unpleasing track
 Averts her falt'ring tongue : and next of Fear 210
 She sings ; tho' fraught with ills, less horrible.
 Beneath the pale and sickly blasts of fear,
 The soul subdu'd sinks feeble from the view
 Of worth and dignity ; her sob'rest thoughts
 Like wild distracted dreams of mind diseas'd, 215
 Or infant sleep confus'd with many a tale
 Of troubled ghost, and incident most strange,
 Are ever rackt with strokes of future ill.
 The whirlwind dread, the black and dreary waste,
 The howling forest, and the cliff profound, 220
 Upon whose horrid top the prowling wolf
 And hungry lyon roaring for his prey
 Alone the dreadful silence break, are hers :
 Perpetual thunders rattle in her ears,
 And fancy'd lightnings ever blast her sight. 225
 Such horrors ever wait the timid mind,
 Such views of sad dismay tremendous rise,
 Suppressing all the gen'rous and the brave

In man. If chance shou'd turn the virgin's step
 Lonely amid the forest's fearful wilds, 230
 And some abandon'd ravisher shou'd seize
 The tender, undefended prey ; in vain
 The piercing cries of innocence distress'd,
 The shrieks of virgin modesty abus'd
 His dull cold ear assail : his country claims 235
 In times of danger great, and high behest,
 His martial aid, and ready arm, in vain ;
 Despair chills all within, and ev'ry view
 Breaks full of terrors on his sick'ning eye,
 As the ting'd skirting of the fleecy cloud 240
 Paints to the glance of childhood's idle fear,
 Or aged superstition's trembling sight,
 Each various monster, horrible, and new,
 That various terrors, various fancies form.
 There is a fear, the noblest sons of men 245
 May own exulting ; proud to bend with awe,
 And solemn rev'rence, to th' Eternal Pow'r
 That form'd this great immensity around,
 And makes the nations of the world bow down ;
 That taught the thunder how to roll on high 250
 With dreadful majesty, and bad the blaze
 Of purple lightnings burst the pitchy cloud,
 To make the mighty tremble. He alone

Can gild the pale and sickly face of fear
 With the bright lustre of devotion's hue, 255
 And graceful dignity of pious awe.
 But say ! what FREEDOM can his bosom warm
 Whom Envy haunts ! that jaundice of the mind
 That gives to fairest fame a tainted hue.
 The orient sun that glads all nature's works, 260
 Sheds all its heavenly brightness on his head
 Unpleas'd : alas ! his happy neighbour feels
 Alike the cheering boon. Some chance malign
 May turn a worthy man's unguarded steps
 To rage, ambition, or to love impure, 265
 But ne'er the paths of envy can he trace
 Howe'er unheeding ; all those various ills
 Some fancy'd fruit of pleasing taste pursue
 Or promis'd joy ; 'tis only envy seeks
 With eager search another's hidden pain. 270
 This fully'd many a martial glory won,
 And made the greatest, most renown'd of men,
 Drop tears malicious o'er the honour'd dead.

REVENGE next rises, terrible to view ;
 With haggard eye, and look of dark despair, 275
 Sullen she ruminates on galling ills,
 So deem'd how oft unjustly ! heart oppress'd,

Amid

Amid the melancholy shade of grief,
 She sinks supine, in inbred horrors tost,
 Nor chearful knows one shining ray of joy, 280
 Save where the deadly blow vindictive paid,
 Pours out a sickly sun-shine on the soul,
 Than all her silent sorrows more severe.

So through the forest's wild and pathless way
 His devious steps the traveller pursues, 285
 Perplex'd, amid the fearful shades of night;
 A while in pensive indolence he roams
 Dismay'd, but soon th' ethereal vault around
 Refulgent glares with lightning's piercing beam,
 And lifts illumin'd to the frighted view 290
 Monsters obscene, more horrible by far
 Than all the dismal terrors of the gloom.
 Nor less the passions of a softer kind
 Exert Dominion o'er the tender heart.

† The youth whom CÆSAR's sister call'd her lord, 295
 And half the world obey'd, whose gen'rous soul
 With open candour grac'd, and martial fire,
 Had won mankind; when once too pow'rful Love
 Subdu'd his nature from its wonted height,
 In a licentious § court depress'd he lay, 300
 His ev'ry greatest excellence of man

In

† M. Antony.

§ Egypt.

In pleasure's filken fetters bound ; 'twas then
 His honour faded, and the plighted faith
 Of marriage vow, for ever sacred deem'd,
 His raging lust oppos'd in vain ! too low 305
 Beneath his passion's tyranny he fell,
 Neglecting all the dignity of ROME,
 And lost mankind, himself, the world for love.
 Too oft that tyrant passion into souls
 Of noblest quality, infection breathes 310
 Malign ; as oft the Muse historic tells.

WHEN ALFRED fill'd BRITANNIA's toilsome throne,
 A fav'rite friend and counsellor he mark'd
 With royal confidence, DUNWOLFUS nam'd ;
 Who, erst as conquest's wayward will pursu'd 315
 His prince to solitude unfought, amid
 The lonely shades of a neglected † isle,
 Beneath a turf-built hamlet's mean retreat,
 The monarch shelter'd ; nor cou'd soft distress
 This solitary peasant's ear assail, 320
 Unpity'd, unsustain'd : his serious thought
 With native grandeur swell'd, out-soar'd the sphere
 That circumscrib'd his actions : fortune's hand
 Plac'd him a shepherd in that lonely isle,

Untaught,

† Edelingsey an island belonging to Somersetshire.

Untaught, unletter'd, save in Nature's book ;
 His contemplations were on Nature's works, 325
 His labours, to attend a fleecy charge
 Adown the sloping green, or thro' the grove
 Umbrageous, and the wild unstudy'd song
 Of love-sick shepherd, or the feather'd choir
 Gave relaxation mild. He view'd submit 330
 The flow'ry earth below, the expanse of Heav'n
 Sublime, th' all-cheering sun, prime light,
 The moon subordinate, and ev'ry work
 That rose beneath the all-creative hand,
 To man beneficent ; he saw, ador'd, 335
 And learn'd true piety. He view'd the fields,
 How lib'ral they repay the peasant's toil,
 Thence gratitude imbib'd. He curious trac'd
 The strong dependence meet from man to man,
 And, warm'd by sympathetick ardour, glow'd 340
 With kind humanity, and love. Such host
 A while with entertainment free detain'd
 The banish'd king. At length the fate of arms
 His fortune's favour'd, and before his bands
 Fierce ROLLO fled.—As when on eastern hills 345
 The orient sun his golden beams displays
 With light replenish'd, the dull shades of night
 Dispersing ; so from sorrow's dreary gloom

ALFRED victorious, crown'd with lustre new,
 His throne resum'd; and from th' obscure retreat 350
 That gave him kind protection in sad times
 Of wild dismay, the hospitable youth
 He woo'd incessant. After many a day
 Of intercession shun'd, DUNWOLFUS came;
 And soon what little knowledge nature lack'd, 355
 A genius docile caught. His counsel straight
 Each enterprize devis'd, and ALFRED's tongue
 Each secret pour'd into his conscious ear.
 Oft in a minstrel's garb great ALBION's King
 Disguis'd, wou'd wander to the hostile camp, 360
 Each project learning, ere it grew mature
 For execution. Soon the baffl'd Dane
 His schemes successless found, by means unknown
 Divulg'd. What then remain'd but 'gainst the faith
 Of grave DUNWOLFUS, youthful tho' austere, 365
 His ev'ry wile to turn retaliative?

'Twas then the fair ETHELDA held her sway
 Promiscuous o'er the Danish camp; attir'd
 With ev'ry art that can seduce the will
 Of man: like fam'd SEMPRONIA crown'd 370
 With conquering beauty, and like her impure.

FORTH

FORTH to the BRITISH court in night's dark shade
 She hied her counterfeit, in feign'd dismay,
 And tresses discompos'd, as haply 'scap'd
 Fierce Rollo's brutal love. She suppliant pray'd 375
 From mighty ALFRED's pow'r protection kind;
 Well taught to fashion out a tale of woe,
 And bid the pensive eye with tears run o'er,
 That to her will obsequious fall. Too soon 379
 She touch'd the prince, nor cou'd DUNWOLFUS' heart
 Her charms resist; at him she turn'd their force,
 At him her arrows pointed, and he fell:
 He conquer'd fell, and (oh dire force of love
 To whose pervading search no hidden thought
 Sleeps disobedient) thro' his trembling lips 385
 At length, alas! the fatal secret pass'd,
 The royal stratagem no more deceiv'd,
 And ALFRED haply heard, ere yet too late,
 His friend's disloyalty. ETHELDA fled,
 What time the tale was told, back to her camp 390
 Exulting; whilst with strides of frantick rage,
 DUNWOLFUS gain'd a cliff's suspended height,
 Beneath whose brow the breaking billows roar,
 From whence precipitant, too soon he lost
 The noblest soul that love had e'er undone. 395

Too oft the records of the antient world
 Confess love's sway malign. 'Twas love impure
 Impell'd † ARASPES to betray his faith,
 To violate the tend'rest pledge of trust,
 The fair PANTHEA, whom great PERSIA's king 400
 Gain'd, richest booty of a battle won,
 And to his guardian care, too virtuous deem'd,
 The lovely captive gave: 'twas love unrul'd,
 ALCIDES 'midst his gen'rous labours sunk,
 And in the conquer'd slave the hero lost. 405

YET far the Muse her cautious step wou'd turn
 From any path, how specious e'er to view,
 That pointed to disgrace (unhallow'd track)
 All-virtuous love: soft flame of genial force,
 Each tender seed to raise of social joy, 410
 That can or cherish, or improve the mind.
 There is a fierceness in the noblest souls
 That claims some soft allay, some mixture mild
 Of essence bland, the rigid heart to bend
 Down to the common intercourse of man. 415
 The monk recluse that idly wastes his day
 Joyless amid the solitary gloom
 Of piles monastic, knows the painful task

Of

† Vide Xenophon's In. Cy.

Of wearing life beneath th' unnatural tye
 Of forc'd celibacy, 'sham'd to confess 420
 The secret crimes that blacken his retreat,
 And useless, like a subterraneous stream,
 Rushes impure into the vast abyfs.

Who can with patience see the lovely maid,
 Upon whose modest cheek the blushing hue 425
 Of youth and beauty join'd solicit love
 Unblamable, immur'd in cloister dark ;
 And like the blooming rose, whose gentle breath
 Was whileom us'd to greet the ambient air
 With rich perfumes, now sicken and decay 430
 Unseen, untasted in the deadly damps
 Of cell ungenial. The fair end unfought
 Of all those charms, which with a flame refin'd
 Shou'd light up beauties for a future world.
 Banish such thoughts unsocial, and believe 435
 Chaste love's a ray of purity divine,
 That shines an emblem of immortal blifs.

THE godlike ‡ Roman whose undaunted arm
 Arose to strike the tyrant of the world,
 That made his country droop her head deject ; 440
 And mourn her FREEDOM lost, when PORTIA fell,
 Confess'd

‡ Brutus.

Confess'd the man in tenderness of woe.
 His breast, with patriot ardour nobly fir'd,
 Yet throbb'd with pensive love :—reforming pow'r!
 That teaches mightiest monarchs how to sue 445
 Submissive, the victorious into men
 Social subdues, unfully'd by its way,
 Refines the rustick, softens the severe,
 And breathes a new humanity thro' life.

WITH this fair gift endow'd, along the plains 450
 Of flow'ry paradise, the first fond pair
 Stray'd joyous; whilst before their wand'ring steps
 Young love and innocence play'd hand in hand,
 Gently enforcing dalliance most refin'd,
 Coyly benign. With ever pleasing toil, 455
 The tender fair her busy skill employ'd,
 To deck with beauteous wreaths of blossoms gay,
 And chaplets blooming with a thousand hues,
 Th' ambrosial arbour, conscious scene of joys,
 And sweet retreat of him her soul ador'd. 460
 Mean time her paramour his willing care
 Incessant urg'd. Forth from the darksome height
 Of interwoven trees, he bent the bough,
 Yielding obeyfant to his lordly hand
 Its blushing tribute; salutary boon, 465

And

And off'ring meet for love! as o'er the lawn,
 Or down the side-long slant of tufted hill
 Her way she turn'd, his ever-ready arm
 With eager haste each spiry shrub remov'd,
 Each pointed thistle, and each bristly brake, 470
 Annoyance rude to the incautious step
 Of female softness. Wheresoe'er she mov'd,
 Beneath her feet a varied carpet glow'd
 Of FLORA's newly scatter'd beauties; here
 The musk-rose shone refulgent on the breast 475
 Of lilly pale, the violet grave-attir'd
 Pour'd out nectarean sweets beneath the shade
 Of weeping hyacinthus, nor unsought
 By love's soft industry, neglected lay
 Narcissus bending o'er the fountain brim, 480
 Milk-white: he cull'd with never-weary'd care
 Each shining wonder that cou'd deck the earth,
 To ev'ry sense delicious. Where her walks
 More frequent turn'd, he plan'd the prospect fair;
 Skirted the winding lawn with stately pines 485
 Of everlasting verdure: from a-far
 He led the silver current thro' the mead
 Gently irriguous, while fiercer streams
 Foaming, precipitant fell headlong down
 The rocks unequal, and the cliffs profound 490
 Of

Of heaven-aspiring hills; on either side
 The forests yielded to his forming hand,
 And stooping trees bad the enraptur'd eye
 Feast on some distant venerable pile
 Of Nature's building, or with pleasing awe 495
 Behold the great Euphrates' restless stream.
 Such labours mild did self-delighting love
 Fashion sollicitous, the tender joy
 Cheating each toil, in those thrice happy days,
 When Virtue, Love, and Purity were one. 500

THUS has the Muse thro' winding mazes trac'd
 The various tyrants of the human mind.
 How Anger's fury triumphs o'er the will
 Resistless; how Ambition's fiery glare
 Unblazon'd leads astray, as meteor's light, 505
 Ill-omen'd flame nocturnal, tempts along
 Th' imprudent chase of traveller forlorn,
 O'er many a dreadful pass, to rugged cliff,
 The cavern yawning-deep, th' untrodden sedge
 Of yielding moor, to mortal foot unsafe, 510
 She sung: how oft Ambition's blinded sons
 Their birthright FREEDOM vend, not as of old,
 Like ESAU to indulge fair Nature's call,
 But as the mighty capital of ROME

† For toys, and painted trinkets fell. She sung 515

The base Idolater of gold unus'd,

Alike of wealth, and poverty the slave ;

How Fear subdues the dignity of man,

Each effort free suppressing ; how the gloom

Of Envy saddens ev'ry prospect fair ; 520

What tempests black lie brooding in the breast

Of dire Revenge, or burst indignant forth

O'erwhelming all ; and last, in gentler strain,

How Love reigns lordly o'er the noblest hearts,

Abash'd she sung.—Who then alone is free ? 525

He whom the bounty of kind Nature's hand

With virtuous will endow'd, and firm resolve

Unruffled to sustain the batt'ling fierce

Of swelling passions ; who triumphant steers

His destin'd course, and bids the foaming waves 530

Subservient yield to Reason's mod'rate bounds :

Who hears th' avenging thunder's awful sound,

The frightful lightning's scorching blast beholds,

Unmov'd : his soul alike to guilt and fear

Estrang'd, unshaken stands secure. From far 535

The shining diadem, and royal pomp

That dart refulgent beams of flatt'ring pride

Around

† Tarpeia betray'd the capitol of Rome to the Sabines for bracelets, which they were accusom'd to wear upon their arms.

Around the gilded bondage of a throne,
 He careless views, not wishing such a load.
 Nor aught could tempt him to the mean pursuit 540
 Of wealth or pow'r, save what compassion claims
 To show'r beneficent, to glad the heart
 Of modest merit, pining unsustain'd
 In wretchedness unearn'd ; on the forlorn
 Some shelter to bestow ; to open wide 545
 The gates of hospitality benign,
 Courting the friendless stranger to his board,
 By want entitled. Envy, Rage, Revenge,
 Those tyrants fierce, his bosom ne'er subdu'd,
 And Love beneath his sober Reason's sway, 550
 Glows cordial with a mild and lasting warmth
 To the approv'd : with more expanded flame,
 It rises to benevolence of heart,
 The whole containing : last and best effect !
 With calm Devotion swell'd to grateful joy, 555
 It pours its incense to th' Almighty's throne,
 Whom to obey, is FREEDOM most divine.

THE patriot Muse her destin'd course had run
 Imperfect, if thy honour'd name, O PIT,
 Clos'd not the song—thou whose example bright 560
 Taught her to raise her yet unpractis'd wing,

Howe'er unequal to the great design,
 The paths sublime of FREEDOM to pursue,
 And mark the clouds, that oft its cheering beam
 From mortal eye conceal. Within thy breast, 565
 Superior to controul, triumphant reigns
 Reason supreme; to whose unshaken throne
 The passions bend obeisant. To your care
 The lib'ral bounty of indulgent heaven
 Committed wealth and pow'r; that happ'ly swell, 570
 Like the rich flood that laves Ægyptia's plains,
 Diffusing joy and plenty o'er the land.
 Your soul, with ev'ry useful art adorn'd,
 And virtue fraught, disdain'd the glitt'ring lure
 Ambition holds, save such as ought to warm 575
 An heart solicitous for BRITAIN'S glory.
 The mild, determin'd tenor of your mind
 No anger ruffles, save such virtuous rage
 As rises to impede the forward growth
 Of base corruption. At your frugal board 580
 No sycophant appears, no flatt'rer vile.
 No venal courtier, by th' intemperate bait
 Of midnight revel, or the sumptuous feast
 Seduc'd, to you the barter'd suffrage lends.
 The tribe corrupt, by your stern virtue aw'd, 585
 Blush at the late accepted bribe, and taught

By

By your wise precept, find (nor yet too late)
 That from the common good, some certain part
 Of bliss each individual shares. O long!
 May happy BRITAIN boast of such a son, 590
 So wise, so virtuous, so rever'd. And meet,
 Most meet it is the virtuous name to crown
 With fair applause : 'tis all we have to pay,
 Small recompence ! for worth so great as thine.
 And happy me ! if on some future day, 595
 When wond'ring BRITONS thro' th' historic page
 Enraptur'd, shall thy patriot Actions trace,
 From sire to son instructive deem'd, some voice
 Friendly may tell, that of the tuneful train
 Perhaps the meanest ! I aspiring soar'd 600
 Above the low concerns of busy life,
 To sing of FREEDOM, and to sing of Thee.

395
The E N D.